

But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Four legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voyce, is to vtter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spooone.

Tri. *Stephano:* if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beest *Trinculo*: come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the sieg of this Moone-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?

Ste. Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaued o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the bark of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: I swear then how thou escap'd'st.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke: I'll be sworne.

Ste. Heere, kisse the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th' sea-side, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calf, how do'st thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Swear.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I afeard of him? a very weake Monster: The Man ith' Moone?

A most poore credulous Monster: a most foolish Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. He shew thee every fertill ynh' o'th Island: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. He kisse thy foot, I'll swear my selfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scurvie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke: An abhominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue; I'll beate him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; shew thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to clustring Philbirds, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamells from the Rocks: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,

Ban ban Caliban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedom, high-day, high-day, freedom, freedom high-day, freedom.

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but

The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed; And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp, Vpon a fore iniunction; my sweet Mistris Weepes when she sees me worke, & faires, such basenes Had neuer like Executor: I forget:

But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours, Most busie left, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. Alas, now pray you Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile: Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes 'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,

He's

Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistris,

The Sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must striue to do.

Mir. If you'll sit downe

I'll beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that, I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,

I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,

Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,

While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me

As well as it do's you; and I should do it

With much more ease: for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,

This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me

When you are by at night: I do beseech you

Cheefely, that I might let it in my prayers,

What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,

I haue broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,

Indeede the top of Admiration, worth

What's deere to the world: full many a Lady

I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time

Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent eare: for severall vertues

Haue I lik'd severall women, neuer any

VVith so full soule, but some defect in her

Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foile. But you, O you,

So perfect, and so peeclesse, are created

Of euery Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know

One of my sexe; no womans face remember

Saued from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene

More that I may call men, then you good friend,

And my deere Father: how features are abroad

I am skillesse of; but by my modestie

(The iewel in my dower) I would not wish

Any Companion in the world but you:

Nor can imagination forme a shape

Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle

Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition

A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King

(I would not so) and would no more endure

This woddish slauerie, then to suffer

The flesh-licke blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.

The verie instant that I saw you, did

My heart flie to your seruice, there resides

To make me slave to it, and for your sake

Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witness to this sound,

And crowne what I professe with kinde euent

If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert

VVhat best is boaded me, to mischief: I

Beyond all limit of what else 't' world

Dolout, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole

To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter

Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace

On that which breeds betweene 'em.

Fer. VVherefore weepe you?

Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer

VVhat I desire to giue; and much lesse take

VVhat I shall die to want: But this is trifling,

And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,

The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,

And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.

I am your wife, if you will marrie me;

If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow

You may denie me, but I'll be your seruant

VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistris (deere'st)

And I thus humble euer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing

As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell

Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,

VVho are surpriz'd with all; but my reioycing

At nothing can be more: I'll to my booke,

For yet ere supper time, must I performe

Much businesse appertaining.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord em' Seruant Monster, drinke to me.

Trin. Seruant Monster? the folly of this Island, they say there's but siue vpon this Isle; we are three of them, if th' other two be brain'd like vs, the State rotters,

Ste. Drinke seruant Monster when I bid thee, thy eies are almost set in thy head.

Trin. VVhere should they bee set else? hee were a braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam ere I could recover the shore, siue and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. VVeele not run Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shoos: I'll not serue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to iustle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou, was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Cal.